

Clara Wilcox
Drum St

Thanksgiving Issue.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

THE NORTHERN STAR



WHAT DO I CARE FOR WINTER?

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF
WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS AND
SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

5 Cents per Copy.

Fall and Winter

KNIVES,
POCKET.

SPORTING

Scissors,
BUTTON HOLE.

GOODS.

KNIVES,
PEN.

Scissors,
WARRANTED.

KNIVES,
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The weather indications for the
remainder of the season are favorable
to the wearing of that

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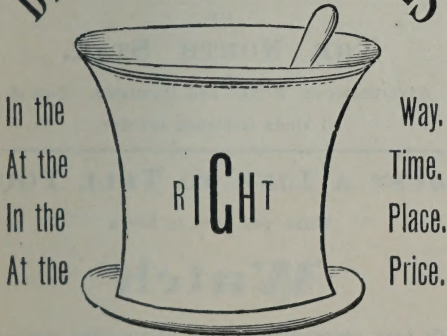
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VOL. II.

WESTFIELD, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1896.

No. 10.

Be thankful!

Be glad for the good things you possess and for the bad things you don't possess.



When it comes to sitting down to all the good eatables on Thanksgiving day, don't do a thing to 'em.



After election, when a man of the defeated party starts to explain how his party was defeated, don't taunt him with any facts concerning the general weakness of his side. You can afford to be magnanimous. Tell him they will do better in 1900, barrin' accidents.

Weddings have been numerous of late, some of them among the 400 and others among the more exclusive 4,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 and there are several more engagements.



You will call me in the morning, call me early mother dear; for to-morrow is election day, to freemen ever dear. And my mind is made up, and bad luck to the man who tries to buy my vote.

Now take that bike out into the back shed; dissect it carefully; rub a little goose grease on the perishable parts and store it away until the time of the peeping of frogs is here again.

And did you ever hear such a caterwauling in the local political back yard? What a beautiful sight! The clothes line is ready and ere we go to press again the most active Toms will have got at each other over the line, the cloud of flying fur will have settled, and quiet will reign once again in Hogan's Alley.



"Darling," whispered Reginald De Whip City, "dry your tears. Although your parents have positively refused to take me into the family, I shall not be turned down. We will bring this courtship to a happy termination on our own responsibility, on nomination papers."

THE WESTFIELD

Y. M. C. A.

OFFICERS.



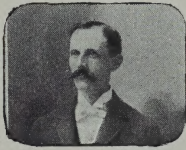
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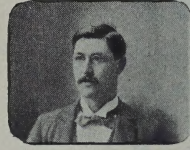
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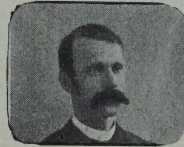
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Interesting Facts

REGARDING THE LOCAL Y. M. C. A.

HISTORY.

THE present Association was organized in the early fall of eighteen hundred and eighty-eight. In September of that year the Westfield Wheelmen vacated the second floor of the Parker block to found what is now the Business Men's Association. The rooms vacated and part of the furnishings were taken by the Association. Soon after, the third floor was added for a gymnasium.

In the spring of '91 the directors formed themselves into a corporation under the name of "The Young Men's Christian Association of Westfield" and applied for a Charter from the state. This was granted March 10, 1891. Since this date the Association has been legally empowered to receive bequests and to hold property.

To the names on the opposite page could be added many more, representing the prominent men of the town, who have aided in the Association's management during the past eight years.

There have been four secretaries: F. D. Fagg, J. E. Canfield, A. G. Lund and E. N. Huntress. The first two named remained one year each, the third two years and the present secretary has recently completed his fourth year.

At the end of the first year the Association had a membership of 228. This had remained nearly the same until last winter when the red and blue contest raised it to 499.

The Women's Auxiliary was organized in 1889, and has been of great assistance. The furnishings of the rooms have been almost entirely procured by it. Besides keeping the rooms attractive, the ladies have aided at the different socials and banquets. The membership is nearly 200.

AIM.

The aim of the Y. M. C. A. is "To promote the mental, physical and spiritual welfare of young men." Believing that the perfect man is he who has a clean heart and a sound mind in a healthy body, it tries in every possible way to develop these three natures in its members: the mental through helpful entertainments, instructive talks and a wholesome reading room; the physical through medical and physical examinations and instruction in the gymnasium; the spiritual through Gospel Meetings, Bible Classes and a Christian atmosphere pervading the rooms.

In addition, the Association endeavors to offer home privileges and comforts to those young men having no home in town. It is also a place of resort for those of good homes who have arrived at that age when they must be out evenings.

How well all this work is accomplished can only partly be realized. The preventive work during the critical years of young manhood is very strong and perhaps least appreciated. The steady influence of a pure environment will change a man's life wonderfully. Though all the results cannot be tabulated, yet they have been sufficient to make for the Association a warm spot in the hearts of Westfield's parents.



THE NEED.

At present the Association is supported by the membership fees, which pay about one-half the running expenses, and by the contributions solicited from charitable people of the town. In times of financial depression, as the past two years, it is a serious question how to obtain sufficient money to maintain the work at the wished-for standard.

The raising of the membership fee to such a sum as would make the Association self supporting would almost entirely destroy its usefulness among the poorer class of young men, while at the same time not enough of the wealthier class would pay the increased fee to accomplish the purpose.

No college could be conducted successfully if it charged a tuition large enough to pay its expenses. The tuition is usually about one-third the actual cost of each man's instruction. The balance is obtained from bequests of buildings or from

endowments which yield a cash income. The Young Men's Christian Association must be conducted upon a similar basis.

The local Association needs one of two things: a building which will save rent and give possibly some revenue from rentals or an endowment yielding an annual income to be applied towards current expenses. When either of these objects is obtained, then the Association will be on a solid footing in this town. Until then it must be dependent upon the annual gifts of its friends.



PUBLIC LIBRARY, SOUTHWICK, MASS.

Photo by E. N. Huntress.

FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS.

The diamond is not among the earliest gems known to man. It has not been found in the ruins of Nineveh, in the Etruscan sepulchres, nor in the tombs of the Phœnicians. It is believed to be of recent geological formation, and a microscopic examination often discloses in its substance minute plants and vegetable fibres.

Pliny, in the first century, was the first writer to describe the diamond.

It has been found on all the continents and in almost every country on the globe.

With the funds raised by pawning the Regent diamond, Napoleon was enabled to undertake the campaign that ended at Marengo.

The Orloff diamond is now set in the Russian sceptre, just under the eagle at the top. It is believed to be responsible for sixty-seven murders.

The diamond, if laid in the sun and then carried into a dark room, shows distinct phosphorescence.

In a sufficient heat it will burn like charcoal. Though hard, it is one of the most brittle of stones. A fall on a wooden floor will sometimes crack and ruin a fine diamond.

Diamonds are found in every color and shade, from the purest white to jet black.

An uncut diamond looks like a bit of the best gum arabic.—*The Hesperian*.



An Historical Smack.

Being a Little Story of Revolutionary Times, which

Includes a Choice Bit of Local Tradition.

THE October days were passing away. The corn had been harvested, and the people of the humble little Massachusetts village of Westfield had finished their preparations for the rigorous New England winter. It was in the year 1777. The American people were battling for liberty, against mighty odds, and Westfield had sent her small quota of men to swell the ranks of the patriots who were fighting for their country.

Defeat and hardship had met the American troops on all sides, and now the proud English general, Burgoyne, flushed with many a victory in the North, was advancing upon Albany, and the loyal people of the Woronoco Valley anxiously awaited the arrival of the news from their friends who were among the patriot army. And as the sun sank behind the grim heights of old Tekoa, anxious wives and mothers and watchful sweet-hearts followed its receding light, wondering if the dying rays would fall upon the lifeless form of husband, son or lover.

A messenger rode into town one night, as the cold, October moon was bathing in glory the fields and hill-sides. His had been a long journey, a hundred miles that day, with few stops, and his jaded horse needed no tying, as the rider dismounted at the tavern and struck the brass knocker on the quaintly-carved door.

The tavern itself was the town's most imposing building, with its four stories, gambrel roof and dormer windows. Inside, the bright fire glowed

upon the broad hearth and good cheer abounded, for the host and his comely wife were kind of heart and looked well to the comfort of their guests. So that, when the knock was heard upon the door, they opened it with a cordial greeting to the young man, whose uniform of the American army could well serve as a pass-port and insure a welcome. And the traveler and his horse were given food; and when the traveler had finished, a seat, a straight-backed chair with an odd-looking cushion, was drawn for him before the fire-place, where a group of townsmen sat and talked of the war.

"What news, Fowler?"

The men who sat about the room had been told that the new arrival was from the scene of action in New York, and they were anxious to hear him speak; he might tell a story if he chose to do so, and he did, while the listeners sat in close attention, not minding the fleeting hours, tallied by the faithful, high-bodied clock in the corner.

Burgoyne, not knowing the real strength of the American forces, had advanced towards Saratoga. He had been surrounded by the patriot army, among which had been the New England Regulars, with some of the Westfield boys in the ranks. Burgoyne had surrendered; his men had been forced to lay down their arms, and the cannon and valuable equipage of the Britishers had been given up, and the English army, with their

general, were being marched to Boston, under armed escort, and would probably pass through town the next day.

And at the close of the following day, a cannon boomed from the western hills, and as a cloud of smoke floated above the reddening maples on the mountain-side, the people of Westfield knew that the vanquished army was near at hand. And when night had set in, and the soldiers had pitched their tents in the fields by the roadside, Burgoyne was taken to the tavern. He bore himself with dignity, and after he had dismounted and had entered, he handed his sword over to the landlord for safe keeping. It was the sword that had been surrendered to General Gates, at Saratoga; but the very magnanimous American general had returned the sword, and the British leader had been touched by the act.

The next morning, when the frost was on the withered grass, and the vapor was rising from the river below the tavern, Burgoyne, an early riser, prepared to resume his journey. In a few months he would be in England, and his thoughts were of home. After breakfast he prepared to take leave of his entertainers, and after a parting chat with the landlord's wife, who had been his partner in a minuet on the previous evening, Burgoyne printed a kiss upon that lady's cheek, with exceeding gentleness and grace.

A century and a score of years have passed since those eventful Revolutionary times; the two armies, invaders and defenders, have both

responded to the last roll-call. Westfield, then a small village, has grown to a large town; but the old tavern still stands on lower Main Street, and the once open fields about it have been built upon, and the surroundings are changed. Could its old walls but talk, they might tell many an interesting story. Long may it stand, a landmark, a monument, a reminder of the past.

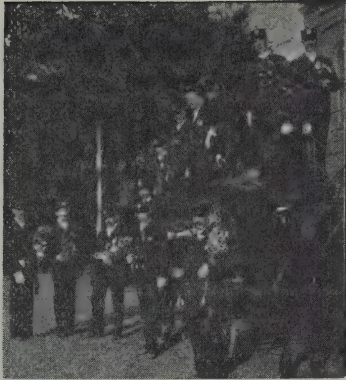
The captive army went on to Boston, where they were detained until the following summer, when they were dispersed, and many of them became a part of the colony planted at Charlottesville, Virginia. Here a rude village was built on the brow of a pleasant ridge of hills, and gardens were laid out and planted. Much kind assistance was rendered in all this work by Thomas Jefferson, who was then living close by, on his estate at Monticello, and did everything in his power to make things comfortable for soldiers and officers. The greater number, especially of the Germans, preferred to remain in this country.

Burgoyne was allowed to go to England in the spring, and while still a prisoner on parole, he took his seat in Parliament, and became conspicuous among the defenders of America. In his speech in Parliament he gave a detailed account of his American campaign; and it is quite probable that in his discourse he referred to the pretty village of Westfield; to the hospitable tavern and its genial landlord; to the latter's comely wife, upon whose cheek, in parting, he had printed a kiss, with exceeding gentleness and grace.



BURGOYNE'S FAREWELL.

W. F. H.



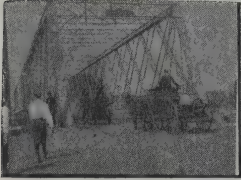
ON THE CANADA SIDE.



THE GRAY PAIR, "COLONEL AND MAJOR," HITCHED
TO CHEMICAL NO. I.

Westfield Curios.

CONUNDRUM.



Why are the majority of the people who cross Great River Bridge like our party at the presidential election?

Because they have a walk over.



Business.

Why are the pop-corn vendors of Westfield like the above word?

Because they are running business with a small capital.



POET—"I can't think of anything to write on. How shall I cultivate an inspiration?"

EDITOR—"Get a job at Inspiration Farm."



AN OBJECT LESSON.

Scientists claim that the earth is round, and as a proof of this claim, point to the illustration of a ship putting out to sea, which appears to sink from view as it recedes. And right here at home we have a similar illustration. A person standing at the head of Union Street, looking south, towards the B. & A. crossing, sees pedestrians, as they walk away, gradually sink out of sight, until a short person disappears entirely, and, in the

case of a tall woman with feathers on her hat, the effect from a distance is very strange, the hat having the appearance of a rooster walking along on the ground.



LACK OF CHEER.

"My life," remarked the maiden lady, at the table, at O'Gilligan's Café, as she brushed away a tear, "is like the Westfield district court room."

"And why?" asked the sympathetic Hisknobs, as he nibbled the meat from a wish-bone.

"Because it is very gloomy and full of trials," answered the maiden lady.

And a deputy sheriff, who sat at the foot of the table, was so overcome that he appointed himself keeper of the last doughnut on the plate.



LIKE THE THRIFTY GOURD.

Agricultural chemists tell us that ashes, plaster, etc., are excellent fertilizers; and who will deny it? Observe the rapid growth of the building going up on the site of the burned Masonic block, where ashes and plaster have lain ever so long.



AN ARCHITECTURAL GHOST.



"Where have I seen this place before?"

THE ROUGH, ROCKY AND ROMANTIC

RECORD OF

Roderick Ruggles,

AN AMERICAN TOURIST.

RODERICK RUGGLES was one out of many. He belonged to a numerous order of the hobos, who claim a home anywhere that night overtakes them.

The shadows of the early November evening were settling over the valley of the Hudson, when Roderick Ruggles jumped an east-bound freight on the outskirts of the city of Albany. There was an aching void in his stomach, for he had eaten no solid food except a few apples since leaving the little back-country town of Oneont, early that morning; but there was no novelty in that condition, for he who has been initiated to true hobohood knows what it is to hunger. The air was raw, and as the train gained headway he felt the cold permeating his tattered apparel, as he balanced himself on the swaying bunters between the cars.

When the train slacked up and went onto a siding, just west of Pittsfield, Roderick Ruggles saw at a distance, near the edge of a wood, the light of a fire, which he instinctively knew was the work of members of the fraternity. He decided to join them and share their food, if any they had, and afterwards take his chances again for a ride to some eastern point; for it was the custom of our friend Roderick, when winter was approaching, to seek the hospitable towns of the old Bay State, and by committing some slight offense, get himself incarcerated for the winter, to be set free again when the genial springtime sunshine awoke to life the beauties of Nature. In this, if in nothing else, Roderick Ruggles was

systematic. He had carried out his plan with great success for several years.

And when new life had been infused into his system by a bite of sandwich and a drink of coffee from the peach can, hung over the fire by a piece of wire, Ruggles heard the "toot-toot" of the whistle, and knew that a train was about to pull out, and he figured that daylight would find him not far from the Connecticut Valley, whose verdant meads he knew full well; and the recollections of the generosity of the suburban housewives of that section were pleasant to dwell upon, and afforded much comfort as he rolled down the mountain, this time more comfortably settled on the bottom of a coal car.

When it came to a choice of towns, the tastes of Roderick Ruggles were metropolitan. He never lingered long in the smaller hamlets; and as the car, at intervals of a few miles, clattered noisily through switch-yards, he would lift his head only to realize that he was passing one of those little villages that border on the line of the B. & A., places where even a tramp would feel lonesome.

The gray dawn was just breaking when the train slowed up at Westfield, and the hero of our story proceeded to change cars, or in other words, transfer himself to a box car which stood on a siding near by, the door of which stood invitingly open, and in whose depths Roderick Ruggles soon courted sleep.

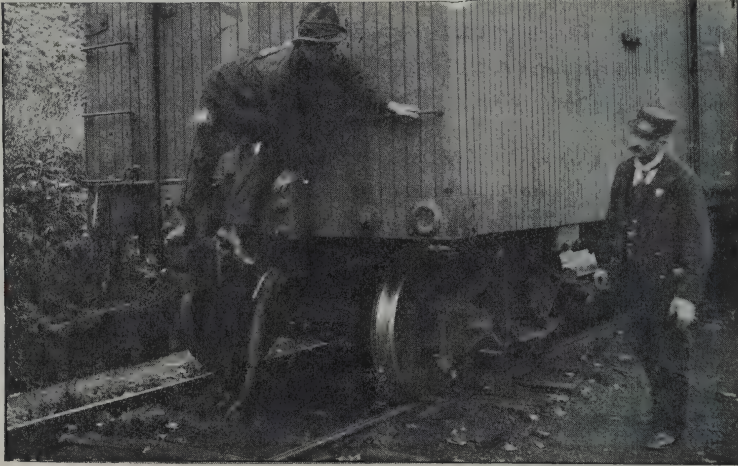
It was about nine of the clock when the watchful officer of the station noticed a suspicious

looking individual sneaking alongside the cars in the upper yard; and on walking up, came face to face with Ruggles, in the act of climbing over the bunter of a freight car. They stared at each other. In his many years of vagrant career, Roderick Ruggles had come in contact with all grades of officers of the law. He had been arrested, at various times, by the town constables of Waupaca, Wis., Clay Bank, Mich., Peru, Ind., and other small places; and at one time had been put under arrest by Supt. Byrnes himself. So the sight of the officer was no novelty, nor was he terrified; but when the arm of the law beckoned he thought it prudent to come down.

passed remarks, yet he heeded them not, but walked along and said nothing.

The ideal tramp of the comic papers never had a closer copy than that which R. Ruggles presented. A seat in a barber's chair was a luxury well-nigh forgotten. For many moons his cheek had been uncaressed by a blade of steel, so that the beard which had leaked out all over his face was scrubby and tough of texture, and not unlike the brush that does duty on the kitchen floor.

Upon his head, covered with a growth of unkempt hair, nestled a dilapidated hat, a chapeau of honorable origin, a genuine Dunlap, in fact, which had at one time mingled in the best of society; but its artistic contour had long since



THEY STARED AT EACH OTHER.

With a firm hold on the larboard pinion of the hobo, the officer marched to the depot, where the rough appearance of the victim attracted much attention from the people who thronged the platform. Being satisfied that no harm had been intended, the officer considerably headed Ruggles towards the center of the town and bade him scarcefy himself, which was done in short order, and Roderick Ruggles, the rough, wandering child of circumstances, found himself once more adrift, knowing not whither he was bound. The passers-by ogled him, the small boy

vanished, and it was battered and bent, a sorry relic of the past.

A Prince Albert is by no means an unworthy garment to place upon a man's shoulders, and may be a source of pride to the wearer, when conditions are right; but the coat of that popular cut, which formed the outer covering of Roderick, was like the hat he wore, a poor thing.

Pants and shoes were in harmony with the rest of the outfit, and it was no wonder that the street dogs barked suspiciously as he passed slowly along the town's main thoroughfare.

Roderick was gifted with a keen sense of vision, and when near the head of Franklin Street, espied in the distance the portly form of a policeman, approaching slowly. Wishing to avoid the officer, he dodged back around the corner, and leaning against the bill-board, proceeded to light the end of a snipe which Fortune had placed in his path. But the officer, himself gifted with good eye-sight, had caught a glimpse of our tramp friend, and before the match had been applied to the cigar butt, Roderick felt a hand upon his shoulder, and he realized that he was once again in the hands of the law; but with the calm and careless spirit of resignation which is the gift of every thoroughbred tramp, he felt no terror, but suffered himself to be taken in tow and led towards the police station.

the passing crowd? He was on his way to the "cooler," and his scheme was working well. With proper action on his part, the goal of the county jail would be reached, that hospitable haven, where good food, good air, good light, and other blessings would be his, and where he could laugh at the winter tempest, beating against the grated windows of his prison home.

A couple of reporters, leaving their sunning spot, at the post-office door, followed in the footsteps of the officer and his prey. Here might be an item; and what is dearer to the heart of the reporter than that small thing—an item. But there was little to record. The next morning more might be learned.

The policeman who had Ruggles in tow was a large specimen of his tribe, and tipped the



RODERICK FELT A HAND UPON HIS SHOULDER.

To the person who finds himself under arrest for the first time, justly or otherwise, and forced to be paraded before the curious gaze of the mob, under escort of an officer, the ordeal is a painful one; but to Roderick Ruggles the incident was one that bore with it no agony of mind, no wounded pride. He was callous. All the finer sensibilities of his nature had been blunted, well nigh destroyed by contact with a cold and cruel world. What did he care for the comments of

scales at two hundred pounds and a fraction. He wore a martial look and a slight Devonshire accent, and Roderick Ruggles felt himself irresistibly attracted by the personality of his guardian, who, despite the dignity of his office, could not forbear remarking that the hobo's pants were baggy at the knees, and that he traveled upon his uppers. The interest shown by the officer, was a pleasure to the prisoner, and his face brightened up. His humorous instinct was excited.

At the entrance of the town lock-up, the chief met the officer and his victim, and took the latter in charge and proceeded to open the door. The chief kept a firm hold on his arm. It has happened, in the history of the local penal institution, that prisoners have made a sudden break for liberty, just at the critical moment when the door opened to receive them, thus illustrating to the officer in charge the old proverb, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." But in this case the prisoner had no thought of flight, and walked into the lobby and down the steps into the detaining quarters, without resistance or argument. Here his clothing was searched for any

Woronoco Valley. The authors of all manner of crimes, petty and serious, have been harbored there. The gloomy, low-ceiled rooms have echoed the sobbings of the youthful transgressor, whose first offense has led to arrest. For the drink-maddened wretch its gloomy nooks and corners have harbored countless demons, creatures of a delirium-racked brain.

But Roderick Ruggles was indifferent to the history of the place. He had no time to moralize; but as the afternoon wore away, he sat and pondered, and noted the flight of the hours as recorded by the town-clock bell overhead. And when night had set in, and the gas-jet had been



THE CHIEF KEPT A FIRM HOLD ON HIS ARM.

possible weapon which might be contained therein; but the pockets of Roderick Ruggles were innocent of knife or revolver; they contained nothing more deadly than a fragment of dark-colored plug tobacco.

After the chief had finished his examination, he opened the barred cell door, bade his prisoner enter, and then turned the key and passed out, leaving Roderick to meditate for the remainder of the day and the following night.

The interior of the Westfield lock-up is dark and gloomy. A short stay suffices to satisfy the casual visitor. For several generations it has been the town's prison—the "Tombs" of the

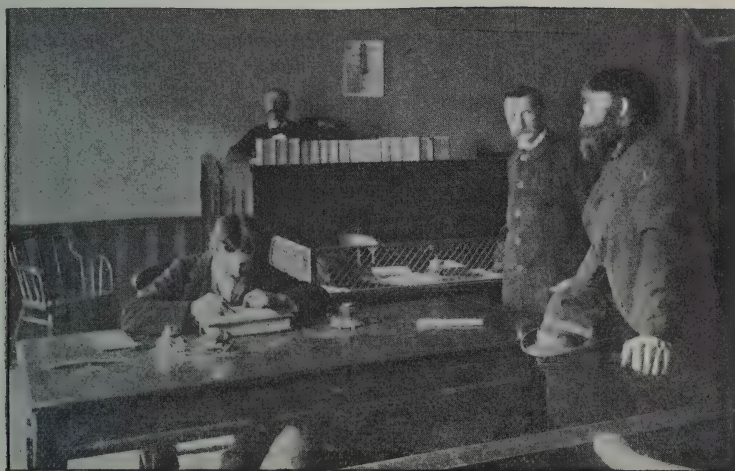
lighted in the corridor outside the cells, he threw himself down upon the narrow bed and slept, meantime snoring with an even, adagio movement, a monotonous snore in A minor.

Morning broke, and with the uproar of factory whistles, the hobo lodger awoke, but he did not arise; he didn't have to. He did as a luxuriant millionaire might do, simply turned over and resumed his slumbers, with a passing thought of pity for the toilers, whose footsteps he could hear on the walk outside, as they hurried by on their way to their daily tasks. But the second nap was destined to be a short one, for footsteps were soon heard in the corridor, and a key was turned,

and the prisoner, like Kathleen Mavourneen, was told that the gray dawn was breaking. He was further informed that, in view of his good behavior, he would soon be given a beef stew and allowed to depart, not, however, without rendering the town a service by sawing a little wood in return for the compliment.

Roderick Ruggles, up to this time, had merely been passive. But now the lion and the remainder of the menagerie within him was thoroughly aroused, and the thought of sawing second-growth chestnut, hardhack and other ligneous substances was repulsive to his nature, and he positively refused, stating that he would not saw for any jay township.

never lacking in new revelations. For, from the humble police court of the small town to the superior court of the county seat, the stern realities of human life are brought out. The Judge, sitting in dignity behind a row of law books; the court officers, with brass buttons and badge of authority, and the array of witnesses, ready to testify, all bent on one pivotal point—the prisoner. And the spectators, prompted by curiosity—a curiosity to see how the prisoner will deport himself, how the witnesses will stand the ordeal of cross-examination by the lawyers, are gathered in the rear of the room, a mixed crowd, composed largely of loafers about town, and in some cases, men who have themselves done time.



THE PRISONER PLEADED GUILTY.

This move decided the fate of Roderick Ruggles, and an hour or two after he found himself in the court-room, up-stairs, in the witness box, charged with vagrancy. The prisoner pleaded guilty to the charge, and as the Court delivered a lecture on the undesirability of vagrants in general, and the case in hand in particular, Ruggles allowed his eyes to wander about the room, sizing up things and comparing the place with others of a like nature where he had stood trial in the past.

A court-room is an interesting place, and the student of human nature finds there a volume

The prisoner heard his sentence, "six months," without excitement; in fact, it suited his purpose, as before stated. And when the functions of the court were over, in his particular case, he was led back to the cell to await the mid-day train which was to transfer him to Springfield.

And Roderick Ruggles chuckled to himself at the thought that the woodpile had been cheated of a victim and that he was even then partaking of the savory lobsouse of the Westfield police station, seasoned exactly to his taste.

At 12.54 that day, Roderick took his seat in an east-bound passenger coach.

COUNTY JAIL.



ALMSHOUSE.



On the opposite page the reader is offered a view of two institutions to be found at Springfield, the County Seat of Hampden. One is the alms house and the other is the county jail. It is of the latter that we will speak more particularly, for, as the winter home of Roderick Ruggles, it demands a description.

Located in the lower part of the city, on a street named York, this large building of brick holds its colony of transgressors, old and young, male and female, from the several towns which make up the county, sent hither by decree of the various courts. Outside, the building looks massive and severe. Inside, it is the picture of strength and security, with scrupulous cleanliness on all sides. The neat whitewashed walls and painted wood and ironwork give an air of wholesomeness that impresses the visitor. Near the entrance, just inside the corridor, is the library of books, donated by generous people, for the use of the prisoners. And in this same room one realizes that the angel of death has held sway, for the little star on the floor marks the spot over which a murderer's lifeless body hung on a day when Justice demanded that the gallows do their duty.

And in the workshops, under the keeper's watchful eye, the prisoners toil at their task, a rough-looking crew, with the stamp of the criminal on many of their faces. The dull routine is followed out, day after day, week after week and month after month, until the prisoner's term expires and he is free again to mingle with free society.

And to this place, under the care of the chief of police, Roderick Ruggles was taken, after the Court had pronounced sentence. A ten mile ride, on an upholstered seat was something to be appreciated after the rougher experiences of traveling on the bunters, and when the jail was reached, our hobo friend was put through the regular order of prison preparation. His description was recorded by the scribe of the institution, his clothing was removed and fumigated and filed away to await the day of his release. The excruciating tortures of a bath were undergone and the prison garb donned, and with the

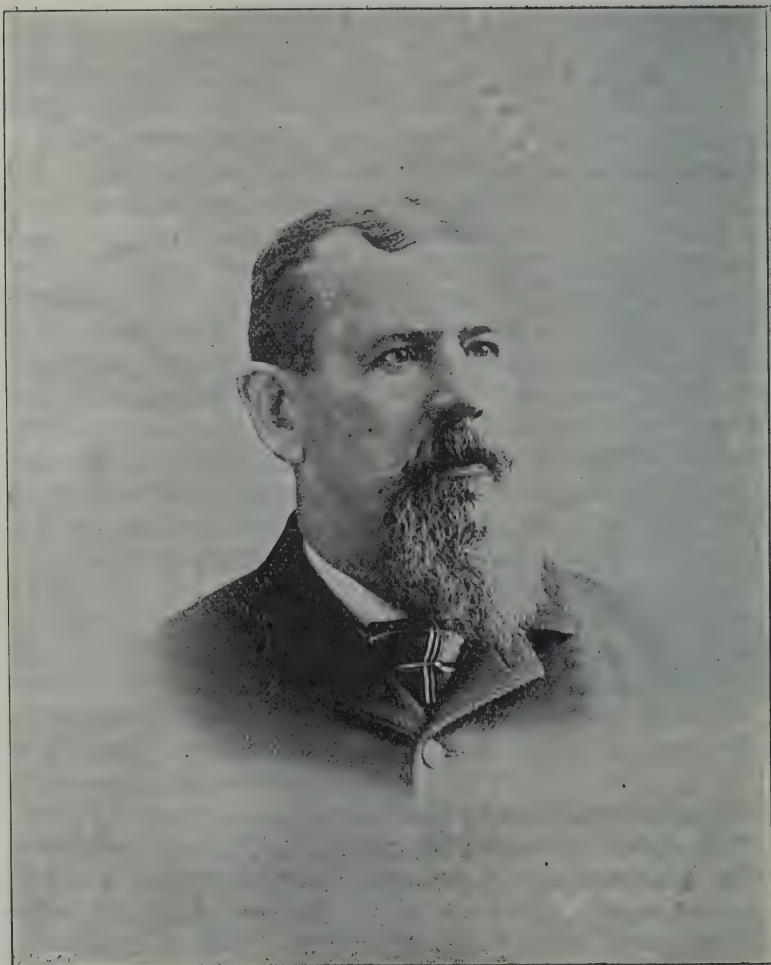
satisfied feeling of a woodchuck about to roll up for the winter, Roderick Ruggles said au revoir to the outer world.

In the palmy days of his minority, while the guiding and restraining hand of a father was still upon him, Ruggles had been apprenticed to a painter, and until his vagabond nature had made of him a wanderer, had done good work. So now he was assigned the job of painting about the jail premises; and to his credit be it said, his work was commended by the officials.

The perfume of the peach tree's bloom was in the air when Roderick Ruggles again put on the shabby suit he had given up on the day of his incarceration late in the previous year. The old rags were to him as dear friends returned, and as he passed out through the portals of the jail he felt the gentle breeze blowing from the Connecticut, and he heard the rondelay of the bluebird and the robin. And the distant sound of a locomotive whistle was as music to his ears, for it brought visions of rapid transit to the summer stamping grounds, and a probable meeting with some of the "boys."

It was a bright May evening when Roderick Ruggles swung himself onto a west-bound freight train, just leaving the West Springfield yard, and when, a half-hour later, the train rattled by Westfield, he located the spot where, six months previous, the station officer had grabbed him by the larboard pinion; and further up the road, looking back towards the town, he saw, glistening in the moonlight, the gilded dome of a church spire, under whose shadow he had stood, a prisoner, six months before.

Five months later, when the early autumn frosts were changing the color of the tender leaves, the watchman at a little way station, on an Ohio railroad, in making his midnight rounds, found a man sitting upon a truck, apparently asleep. Closer examination showed that he was stone-dead. The medical examiner was called and pronounced it a case of death from exposure, and when the dead man's clothes were rifled for a clue, they found in the inside pocket of his tattered Prince Albert an envelope bearing the name, "Roderick R. Ruggles."



H. A. LOZIER.

President of the Lozier Manufacturing Company.

Storiettes.

THE CANDIDATE'S GENTLE JOLLY.

Again my son, I do admonish you, as I did a year ago, beware of the politician; beware of the candidate's bland smile. It is a mechanical smile, a sort of automatic contraction of the muscles of the cheek and eye-lid. A favorite pastime of the candidate, my son, is to walk beamingly into your peanut stand and buy liberally of your wares, meantime remarking that you are the most enterprising young man on the street. Do not fail to be grateful for the patronage; but, at the same time, do not buy any high-priced diamonds in anticipation of his post-election purchases, for your hopes in that direction may be blasted. You will find more than the usual allowance of candidates at large on Elm Street and about Park Square these days, and you will be asked your opinion in matters of grave political importance; but don't get rattled. On the morning after election you will be, like your poor old father, a very humble citizen. You will say, Nichts kum raus!



"Say!" shouted the giddy youth, at the table, at O'Gilligan's Café, "why is the Western Massachusetts Fox Club like showmen who have lost their performing lion?"

"Oh, please tell us why!" gurgled the blue-eyed stenographer.

"Because they can't do much unless they have their Roarer back," answered the youth.

And the large dish of jelly actually trembled.

A FABLE.

An indiscreet youth, passing through the market place, espied a bicycle leaning against the curbing, and at once resolved that, inasmuch as the wheel was a good one, and a '96 model, he would confiscate it. Acting upon the idea, he mounted the wheel and struck out for the suburbs. "Aha!" he soliloquized, "the owner of this bike, who is now in the dentist's chair, under the influence of ether, when he discovers his loss, will do a song and dance; he will report to Chief Mullen; but I will be far, far away, and I will give them the horse laugh."

And later, in the course of his travels, this indiscreet youth struck the outskirts of Shawnee, Oklahoma, and, espying a roan mule browsing in the field hard by, he exclaimed, "Eureka! I will abandon this bike, for the cactus needles are thick here, and I may get a puncture." He thereupon dropped the bicycle and mounted the mule and rode away, and in a very few minutes he was waited upon by a committee of the town's best citizens, who promoted him to a high position in the community.

MORAL—Do your stealing in the East. In the West they have a strange way of administering justice.



FINIS.



For The Children.

Edited by Miss Catherine A. Tierney.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

"SHE is a good teacher because she is so cold and dignified, and knows how to invent so many new kinds of punishment."

If the boys and girls of to-day find that teachers are not selected on the lines thus laid down, they must extend their thanks to Friederich Wilhelm Froebel, one of the grandest souls that the great German nation has given us, the man who is known the world over as the lover of children.

Left motherless at the age of nine months, with a father who had neither time nor attention to bestow upon his child, this little fellow early felt the pangs of a hunger after love and care. What wonder that with his fine, sensitive nature misunderstood, his mind finally turned inward upon itself, and he began to dream of a life which he would like to know. Possessed of many talents, he chose the highest and most sacred calling in life, that of a student and teacher of little children, not a jailer or keeper, as too many of the teachers of his day were in reality.

Froebel wove the best thoughts of the best minds which had preceded him into a beautiful system, which had for its keynote his oft repeated suggestion, "Come, let us live with the children."

According to Froebel's idea, the kindergarten is not a nursery for the relief of busy mothers, nor a school for object teaching. It was created for character building. It teaches every relationship which a child will sustain in after life to the family, to society, to the state. Above all else, it

teaches self government and absolute freedom of soul. Underneath every game played, every story told, every song sung, there is a deep truth intended to aid in unfolding the child's nature. From the first, Froebel seemed to realize that he was living in advance of his time, and said that he would be satisfied to know that in three hundred years after his death the world would at last fully understand the system which he had formulated.

America is the natural home of the kindergarten, for in the land of freedom this foster mother of liberty has but to be known to be at once adopted. Less than forty years have passed since its introduction here, yet it is already a part of the educational system in nearly all the large cities.

We are glad that the Woronoco Valley is not ignored in this new movement, and are proud to present to the readers of THE NORTH STAR a picture of the teachers and pupils of our State Normal Kindergarten. Let us hope that in the near future we shall be able to print a cut of the first public school kindergarten, which it is hoped will be placed in the new building on Prospect Hill.

THE LITTLE DEFENDER SOCIETY.

Come, boys and girls, this is a good thing, and you ought to help to push it along. Of course you are interested in the movement, but who is going to know it, unless you sign this coupon and return it to the secretary? Join hands with us in this crusade against cruelty.

THE NORTH STAR'S LITTLE DEFENDER SOCIETY.

PLEDGE:—I promise to be kind to all dumb, helpless animals. I promise to protect such animals and to do all in my power to induce others to be humane to them.

Signed _____

Street _____

Town _____

Member of THE NORTH STAR'S

Little Defender Society.

MISS HELEN TIERNEY, Secretary.

11 Delancey Street, Westfield, Mass.



TEACHERS AND PUPILS OF THE KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT OF THE
LOCAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

DICKENS' LOVE FOR CHILDREN.

Charles Dickens' love for children is well illustrated in the following story: He was walking in the neighborhood of Gad's Hill one day, not long after he had acquired his property there, when he suddenly ran into a little girl wheeling a doll's perambulator. In an instant the tiny vehicle upset and the dolls were thrown out.

It was a bad accident as far as they were concerned, for wax heads and limbs are not calculated to stand much hard usage. The little maid burst into tears and, much to the novelist's sorrow, refused to be comforted.

"Then come home with me," Dickens whispered soothingly, "and we'll see if we can't find some grand waxen lady in silks and satins for you."

So back to the big house the two went, and, sure enough, up in his children's nursery he managed to discover a few prettily dressed dolls. With these safely tucked in her perambulator the little girl trotted off.

But it is in the sequel that the best part of the story lies. The child's heart was set on making some return for this kindness, so her parents, who had not the faintest suspicion of her friend's personality, took her to town to choose something. Her choice fell eventually upon a gorgeously-bound book.

When Dickens, the next day, undid the parcel his small visitor had brought him he was surprised and delighted to see a copy of "David Copperfield."

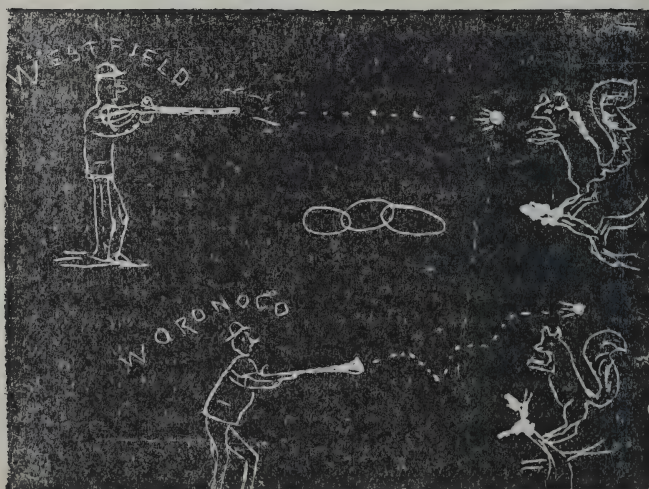
Not until many years later, when they met again in society, did the little girl learn who the "kind gentleman" was.—*Selected.*

Blackboard Sketches

BY LITTLE WILLIE.



THE RACE TO GEN'RAL COURT.



A-HUNTING WE WILL GO!

The Granville Drum Roll.

ECHOES FROM THE DRUM CITY.

GRANVILLE, MASS., NOVEMBER, 1896.

GRANVILLE LIBRARY CLUB.



The Granville Library Club was organized February 11, 1896, and is the town's literary club. It consists of thirteen members: Mrs. R. B. Cooley, president; Miss N. C. Noble, vice president; Miss Cora Noble, secretary and treasurer; Mrs. O. R. Noble, Mrs. S. B. Root, Mrs. Arthur Huddleston, Miss Mary Gill, Mrs. E. Barlow, Mrs. M. E. Seymour, Mrs. E. N. Henry, Mrs. E. M. Gibbons, Mrs. O. Carpenter and Miss Clara Wilcox.

The object of the club is to establish and maintain a library and reading room; for, although the town has a small library, established by the aid of the state, there is no suitable place to keep the books, and some attractive, as well as instructive place of resort is much needed, especially by the young people.

Any lady resident of the town is eligible to membership, under certain conditions.

Regular meetings are held once a month at the homes of the members. Three entertainments, a package sale, a strawberry festival and a peach supper, have been given, which have been generously patronized by the people of the town.

A fair is to be held on December 2d, for which the members are busily making preparations.



LITTLE MAIDS FROM A
GRANVILLE SCHOOL.



RESIDENCE OF
MR. R. B. COOLEY.

A DEER EXPERIENCE.

Mr. R. B. Cooley of this town returned from a hunting trip in northern Maine, October 5th, with two fine deer. C. B. Thompson, our artistic butcher, carved the meat up and put the steak in parcels, which were dealt out to the people in true neighborly fashion. This is true patriotism. A man who will travel hundreds of miles gunning for deer, and bestow the fruits of his trip upon the populace is the kind of citizen every town should have.

Mr. Cooley uses a Savage rifle, and claims it is the proper arm for deer hunting; but it is safe to say that any rifle would do effective work in his hands.



OTHER GOOD SHOTS.

October 15, C. B. Thompson and Will Jones started out after dinner and pulled in about 7.30 with nineteen as handsome grays as ever graced a string. Jones claims the squirrels were shot off sweet-fern bushes, but won't tell where they grow.

October 16, O. R. Noble and Harry Hodge started at 9.30, and before dark pulled in with fifteen grays and a partridge. Where are the Westfield sharpshooters we hear so much about?

SHORT ROLLS.



Keep your life insurance policy in force if you travel by the "new road."

The B. Y. P. U. oyster supper was a success. The oysters could be found without tedious dredging.

Did you register all right? Do your duty on election day, and in the words of the Latin poet, *soc et tu um*.

The mechanics at Noble & Cooley's are so attached to their trade that on Thanksgiving day, when the turkey is carved, they call for the drum sticks at once.

Agent Allie Goodrich, of THE NORTH STAR, is pushing the circulation right up to high water mark. In the December issue he will bring out a picture of a group of the juvenile athletes of Granville.

The annual chicken pie supper was a most enjoyable affair. A sizeable delegation came in from Westfield, and attacked the pie in a most fearless manner. One young man, who had been in training for the occasion, stowed away a whole hen and a brood of her chickens.



LOOKING WEST FROM RESI-
DENCE OF MR. J. M. GIBBONS.

A Summing Up

OF INCIDENTS, MORE OR LESS IMPORTANT, WHICH HAVE OCCURRED

SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE.

Several leading citizens taken seriously with the malady known as politics.



Large number of men rounded up and branded, "Registered," and put in shape for the grand stampede of election day.



Millinery openings strike terror in the hearts of hundreds of local husbands.



Henry Thompson, on a trip around the world, afoot, strikes Westfield and gets out of town safely.



Westfield Cadets invade Feeding Hills, armed with a fiddle and prompter, and completely subdue the natives.



Several journeymen strike town, looking for work in the bicycle factory, get under the influence of pop-corn and are sent to the Bastille.



A Pochassic farmer caught his naked finger in the cog wheels of a fanning mill. The finger was taken in and dressed.



Burglars attempt to enter a colonial house on Union Street. Remove a pane from a window and secure a pain in the hand, where the glass cut.



Party of local nimrods go down to the shore drake shooting.

Heating apparatus in basement of High School overhauled and put in shape for campaign of '96-97. This heating system is quite elaborate. In our early school-days the heating systems were very simple, but effective, consisting of a long box stove, for regular service, and a long rattan for special occasions.



Local clothing store patronized out of business hours by customers who couldn't wait until morning for the store to open.



Zion mission issues an appeal for help in a difficulty, the seat of which seems to be a lack of chairs.



George Hannum, foot-ball player, went into a game and received quite a wrench. Not having any use for wrenches, in his trade, he has decided not to go there any more.



Local tailor starts a suit for an out-of-town man, but the latter, seeing that the suit would be uncomfortable, had the order countermanded.



Business men's gymnasium class of the Y. M. C. A. scheduled to open Nov. 3. Business men have had plenty of exercise in the last year or two, but it has all been of one kind—wrestling with dull times.



Agricultural fair managers request street railway managers to make a special exhibit of funds, but the railway company say them nay.

Town invaded by a horsey crowd, men with checkered clothes and a head-light on their shirt-front.



Metacomet tribe holds heap big pow-wow, with music on the tom-tom and a ghost dance. The braves eat venison and drink laughing water.



Mundale citizens ran a chicken-pie supper, in two editions, both of which had a good sale.



Granville, also held out chicken-pie inducements.



Local Odd Fellows exterminate all small game found within a radius of twenty-five miles.



Couple of clubmen have a political argument, get angry and fight a duel, the weapons being real acrimonious words at three paces.



Rumor floated to the effect that Lozier plant would be sold. An English syndicate expected to absorb the bloomin' plawnt ye know.



Republican town committee issue a manifesto.



Southwick, regarding the success of neighboring towns in the chicken-pie line, bestirs herself, bakes a pie and invites the people to come in and eat.



Socialist rally held in Town Hall. We were pained to learn that during all these years we have labored only to enrich some other fellow. Where is the rascal?



Y. M. C. A. plans to cast reflections on election night.



Large delegation of members of the Highway association of the state rode over the state road and took lunch in town.

Lecture in the opera house on the midnight sun. Young man took his best girl, and after the lecture escorted her to her home in distant part of the town, reaching his own home at 12 o'clock, where his mother proceeded to deliver a lecture to her midnight son.



Eleven of Holyoke's future mayors and aldermen came over to tackle the youthful foot-ball element of Westfield. But all our boys could afford to give them was a made-up tie.



Notes.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

The bookings for November are:

- 5 The Fatal Card.
- 10 The Limited Mail.
- 19 Lillian Kennedy in "She Couldn't Marry Three."
- 24 Tim Murphy.

The best production on the local stage, thus far this season, was Hoyt's "A Texas Steer," which appeared October 20. It is very American in its tone, full of fun, and with a little pathos to prompt an occasional tear—a sort of Texas tear.



Mr. Neil O'Callaghan, the well-known local comic actor, is gaining fame as a song writer, having produced several very taking selections of late, among them three pretty ballads: "Just a Year Ago," companion to "I Loved You Better Than You Knew;" also, "If She Would Only Speak One Word to Me;" and "Do You Ever Wish Me With You?" He has written a bass song called, "The Watchman," and a very pathetic selection entitled, "The Same Old Story," which refers to an aged couple. Mr. O'Callaghan expects to give his Westfield friends a chance to hear these selections sometime in the near future.



Edited by MR. JOHN CARL.

THE NEW AUTUMN Fashions.

SOME NOTEWORTHY COSTUMES ALREADY SEEN
IN AND ABOUT WESTFIELD.



Black very much in evidence. Windows in the various millinery shops ablaze with purple.

The popularity of silk assured.

Many *chic* waists of the queen of fabrics.

Changeable effects meet with greatest favor.

A BLACK GOWN

Of the richest broadcloth could not fail to attract the attention of the writer, and doubtless many others, as the wearer stepped from the electric car at the north end of the bridge and made her way on foot to the depot. The wrap being removed, showed the sleeves to be of medium size, tight to a little above the elbow, with a rather large puff at top. Bolero front jacket, rather short; blouse of white ladies' cloth, elaborately garnished with iridescent beading; skirt rather full, perfectly plain, had three godets at the back, and with that perfect hang obtained only from the hand of the best tailor.

AN EXTREMELY PRETTY FALL GOWN,

Worn by a Franklin Street belle, at a recent public gathering, in one of the near-by hamlets, was of green and black check novelty goods. The skirt was four and one-half to five yards wide, trimmed with three rows of velvet ribbon, bordered on each side with fancy hand braiding, done with soutache braid; round waist, slightly pointed in front, opened on side and nearly covered with cross-rows of narrow velvet ribbon, that continued around the back collar of cloth and ribbon; moderately large sleeves, covered with cross-rows of braiding.

SOME RELIABLE POINTERS

Gleaned from the Birthplaces of Fashions
and Styles,

Which may Prove of Interest to the Dressy
Maids and Matrons of Woronoco.

Narrow fur edgings will be extensively used for trimming fall and winter gowns made from heavy and rough cloths.

The new Empire coats are strictly elegant, and particularly well adapted to ladies of slim figure.

Chiffon vests are inserted in dressy and plain toilettes for day or evening wear, and are always dressy.

AUSTIN BROTHERS.

Glove Department.



Shapely

hands and warm hands go together with good wearing gloves when you buy the

"Kayser Patent Finger-Tipped" CASHMERE Gloves.

They are all wool, cling to the hands, have silk between the fingers, and a **guarantee ticket** in each pair that the "Tips" outwear the Gloves.

25c.. 35c. and 50c.

AUSTIN BROTHERS,

Parks' Block, Westfield.



Those New Winter Garments.

Wish we could say something here that would convey to you a

bit of their attractiveness. The most we can hope is that you will feel sufficient interest to call and view them. We've caught a plenty from the remarks of those who have already seen our exhibit to convince us that we have the most useful

Cloak Department

In this region; and the proof that our garments are *right* in style, fit, finish and price, is that the best-dressed ladies are wearing them. Your winter garment is here. Won't you come and select it?

SNOW & HAYS,

20 Elm Street, Westfield, Mass.

Knowlton Brothers.

HOLIDAY PICTURES.

At the new studio, in Exchange Block, we are making the new

Carbonettes and Platino Pictures.

Just the thing for Holiday Presents, and much admired by all who see them.

We have introduced several new features in the business for the coming season.

KNOWLTON BROTHERS

Photographers,

Exchange Block, Westfield.

DR. MILLER'S

Pure Antiseptic

TOOTH POWDER

Prevents decay by destroying germs and neutralizing acids.

GAS HEATERS.



PURITAN

Heaters and Radiators, 3 Styles.

RELIABLE

In 3 Styles.

ALSO

WELSBACH BURNERS.

Steady light for reading and sewing.

Plain and Fancy Shades.

Westfield Gas Light Co.

2 Main Street, Westfield.

ADVANTAGES OF GAS HEATERS.

No dust.

No dirt.

Always ready.

No trouble to operate.

Do not get out of order.

Simplicity of construction.

No fire to kindle.

No danger of explosions as with
oil heaters.

No trouble with wicks and re-filling
lamps.

No oil to leak out and smell, and
soil carpets.

Will heat a room quicker than any
other kind of stove.

Do not require constant watching,
but will burn unattended for any
length of time without danger.

A SOFT SNAP.



had on Couches during the past month only show
the great values you can get here.

SNAPS IN FANCY CHAIRS.

SNAPS IN FANCY TABLES.

You cannot mention a line of goods in any
part of our store but what you can buy as cheap
or cheaper than in any other place in Massachu-
setts.

CARPET SNAPS.

These have made the greatest impression dur-
ing the last few weeks. We are now showing
some rare bargains in all kinds of Floor Cover-
ing that will attract buyers from all parts.

What is a Snap?

A Snap is an article of good quality that you
buy cheap. This is just what you get here.

LAMBSON & ROTHERY CO.

C. K. LAMBSON,

A. ROTHERY,

J. A. KENVON.

COLTON'S SELECT

ABSOLUTELY PURE - MOST DELICIOUS EXTRACTS - THE BEST.

USE COLTON'S FLAVORS



Lunches Served at Short Notice.

Regular Meals 25c. First-Class Table Board,
\$3.50 per Week.

BUFFINGTON'S CAFÉ

No. 7 Main Street, East of Hampden National
Bank Building.

FULL LINE OF

Fancy Groceries & Canned Goods.

TEAS, COFFEES AND FRESH EGGS

Leading Specialties.

W. P. CRANE,

Main Street, Under Coleman's Art Gallery.

Cash Market.

**Meats, Fish, Vegetables, Oysters
and Clams.**

LONG, ROUND AND LITTLE-NECK CLAMS.

Also, Canned Goods.



Market Thoroughly Renovated and
Everything Neat and Inviting.

ORDERS PROMPTLY DELIVERED.

Telephone Connection.



DAKIN & FERRIS,

Builders and Repairers of

BICYCLES.

All kinds of Enameling done. Wheels Enameled
and Stored for the winter at a moderate price.

We keep all kinds of Bicycle Sundries.

DAKIN & FERRIS,

Westfield, Mass. Cor. Elm and Main Streets.

Machine Shop, 183 Elm Street.

Two Healthful Malt Beverages, Pure and Delicious.

Milwaukee Beer.

The Springfield Brewing Company's

Tivoli.

Hatfield & McQueen, at the FOSTER HOUSE.

Pure Drugs

Are what your physician counts on getting when he writes your prescription, and you do not get the full benefit of his skill if the drugs are not pure.

Pure drugs are sold at
150 Elm Street, Westfield, by ~~~~~A. W.

Hitchcock.

Beauty on a Wall

Need not cost more than ugliness. The most beautiful Wall Papers at half what you expect they would cost. Stock largest, freshest and best. Some rare bargains.

F. H. SCOTT, 29 & 31 Main Street,
Westfield, Mass.



The Perfect Bath,

The enjoyable, efficient kind, depends upon a lot of little things. We keep them—can supply everything except the water and the tub. "Everything" includes Soap, Sponges, Gloves, Brushes, Flesh Straps, Loofahs and Toilet Waters. No bother about prices, they are the lowest. Simply remember, "Everything for the bath," at

DEWEY & PARSONS'

TWO STORES.

Cor. Elm and School Streets,
35 and 37 North Elm Street,

WESTFIELD, MASS.



To dance or not to dance?

That is the question.

By all means dance in

COLUMBIA HALL,

FRED SCHMIDT, Proprietor, School St., Westfield.

Before you order that

WINTER OVERCOAT

Have a talk with me.

A. PITSHMANN,

TAILOR,

8 Union Avenue, Westfield.

We Desire to Call

Attention to Our

WINTER

OVERCOATS

AND ULSTERS.



Also Up-to-Date Suits

for Young Men.



A Splendid Line of

Neckwear just in.



**Main, Russell, Cook
& Co.**

68 Elm Street,

Westfield.

NOTICE.

To My Friends and Patrons.

I respectfully announce that I have disposed of my Dental Practice to my Brother,

Dr. Wallace F. Shaw,

Of Springfield. He is competent and fully equipped to perform any and all operations in Dental Surgery. I most heartily recommend him to all requiring his professional services.

Respectfully,

D. C. Shaw, D. D. S.

DR. WALLACE F. SHAW wishes to announce to the public that he has introduced into his office an electrical appliance for painless excavating and filling of teeth.

Over-Doing Things

Is about as bad as under-doing them. There is such a thing as paying too much for clothes. No tailor is justified in going beyond a certain point in his charges. The fair and square tailor charges enough to cover the cost of first-class cloth and trimmings, then charges for the expense of making up, then for a reasonable profit. If you pay more than that, you pay for something you don't get. My charges are equitable, and the clothes I make fit well and wear well.

LOUIS SADIK,
Fashionable Tailor.

Parks' Block, Westfield.

"A Modern Instance."

A man in Germany recently purchased 1,000 cigars; had them insured against loss by fire; calmly smoked them up and then sued the insurance company for the amount. The jury awarded him full damages.

You may not obtain quite the satisfaction this gentleman did if you smoke the **Hennessy** ★★★ or the **Oracle**, but you will have the satisfaction of getting **FULL VALUE** for your money.

Bay State Cigar Co., Manufacturers,
Westfield, Mass.

✻ Empire Photograph Room ✻

Formerly the Chapman Studio, 208 Elm Street.



This room has been re-fitted and put into shape for the production of **FIRST-CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS**. To introduce our work we shall make, until the Holidays, **Cabinet Pictures for \$2.25 per Dozen**. All the leading styles made.

EMPIRE PHOTOGRAPH ROOM.

N. M. AUSTIN, Manager.

GUNS

Are low in price this fall, and all can afford to own one. Call and get prices at the store of

J. N. LEWIS, 202 Elm Street,
Westfield, Mass.

LAMPS.

An exquisite line in
the very best patterns.

**O. B. PARKS
& Co.**

North Elm Street.



J. P. TIERNEY,
ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT
METROPOLITAN LIFE

Insurance Company of New York.
Parks' Block, Westfield, Mass.

W. J. SMITH

WILL DO

✻ **Special Photographing** ✻

Views of Residences, Groups, Interiors, &c.
Cor. Main & Elm Streets, Westfield.

MONEY SURELY SAVED

BY LETTING US

Clean, Dye and Repair

Your Clothing. We do it in a very satisfactory manner.

WESTFIELD DYE HOUSE,

13, 15 & 17 Summer Street, Westfield.

Don't Trust

Your laundry to be ill used—perhaps washed in impure water. We take special care and pleasure in turning out fine laundry work.

Westfield Steam Laundry,

13 Thomas Street, Westfield.

See?

If your eyes give you trouble don't wait for them to get better of themselves, but come to us and let us fit you out with proper glasses. Your eyesight once ruined can never be recovered. Don't trifle with so important a matter. It's no trouble to wear glasses, if they are rightly made, and to many people they are becoming. If you are half blind let us show you what it means to

See.

R. E. COOPER,

Graduate Optician.

36 Elm Street, Westfield, Mass.

Solidified & Sunshine

Is all that coal amounts to, but it will be in great demand this winter. Back in the pre-historic ages a supply of this necessity was made up, and we are now ready to furnish these

Hunks & of Coal.

T. KNEIL & SON,

Cor. Elm & Thomas Streets, Westfield.

The Foster House,

North Elm Street.

The Foster House,

Near the R. R. Stations.

The Foster House,

Hatfield & McQueen.

A \$20,000

Bed Chamber.

At the World's Fair there was on exhibition an ideal bed-room. It was exquisitely finished in white enamel, blue and gold, and decorated with pale pink cupids and garlands.

Do you suppose you would sleep any better there than in one of your own cosy rooms, on one of the beds included in one of our \$15.75 Solid Oak

Chamber Suits?

M. C. MOORE,

Cor. Elm & Arnold Streets, Westfield.

The Things We Eat

Very largely make us what we are. No thought can pass through the mind without leaving some effect, however slight. Many slight impressions, in time, make mighty changes. It's the same with the body. Abuse it with poor food and take the consequences. For purity and certainty in Groceries go to

Gibbons & Provin,

Gowdy's Block, Elm Street, Westfield.

North Elm St.

A Pleasant Dinner

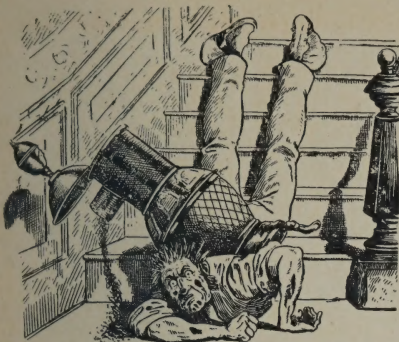
Is one in which everything goes off smoothly and in good taste. The service is as much as the food. To insure perfection in table fixings, come to us for your Glassware and Crockery.

O. B. PARKS & CO.

Westfield.

The boy, Oh, where was he?

He was all right. He simply stopped at the Night Lunch and had a sandwich and coffee, and when he left the place, he felt "out of sight." The Night Lunch, near the Post-Office. ED. HASSETT.

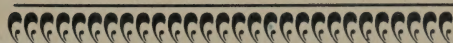


THIS CATASTROPHE

Is only one of the many liable to occur to the householder who insists on putting up the stove, when at very small cost our experienced men could do the stove work quickly and satisfactorily. Try us.

Estate of H. O. SPRAGUE,

59 Elm Street, Westfield.



Successful Storekeeping

Demands that no goods should be carried over from one season to another. Hence the pleasing look of newness throughout this entire store. We want to be of service to you in your fall purchasing. Try us and see if we don't give you better values than you get elsewhere.

New Winter Underwear.

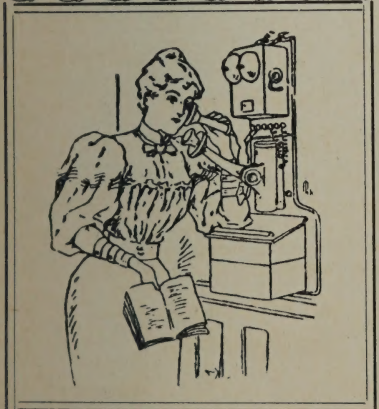
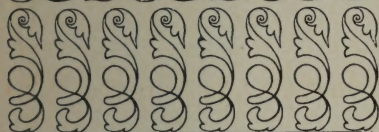
Better change from the thin sorts to the heavy ones; these cool nights and mornings suggest something warmer. The stocks are all in and ready for your approval.

The Next Four Weeks

We shall offer extra inducements to Carpet and Curtain buyers, in order to make space on our second floor for Holiday Goods.

SNOW & HAYS,

20 Elm Street, Westfield, Mass.



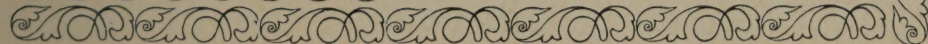
IF YOU WANT TO REACH

**The
North Star**

RING UP

12-4

"Always glad to hear from you."



Green Goods

Are going to be immensely popular this fall. Frequent patches of green crop out from amongst our suits. It is not a dare-devil flaunting of unsoftened emerald green, but a modest shade that cautiously peeps out here and there amidst other colors that seem to coax it on; but it's green, unobtrusive green. Maybe that's the sort of goods for your fall suit and maybe not. Maybe something else will attract you. We've got it.

Three Lines.

Low Priced Suits,

\$5.00, \$6.00, \$6.50

Popular Leaders,

\$7.75, \$9.75, \$12.00

For Dress,

\$14.00, \$15.00, \$16.00, \$18.00

Elegantly tailored. Like made-to-measure garments.

3,000 Overcoats,

\$6.00 to \$20.00

Don't fail to see this unrivaled display.

Great Leaders in Derbys,

At \$1.90 and \$2.50

Underwear

At below ordinary prices, 47c.
88c., &c.

Haynes & Co.

Clothiers,

Tailors,

Hatters,

Furnishers.

Springfield.